

# VERMONT COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 1.

BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, JULY 1, 1872.

NO. 26.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**J. F. WRIGHT.**  
Physician and Surgeon. Office over Grandy, Skinner & Parker's store.  
Barton Landing, Vt.

**DR. O. A. BEHNS.**  
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
15 Crabsbury, Vermont.

**DR. PARKHURST.**  
ASHBURN, will be a R. W. Langway's Hotel in County, Friday of each week, from 8 to 10 P. M. Agent for Waterbury, J. S. Truss, kept con- tinued on hand.

**W. B. CRITCHFIELD.**  
PAINTER & GLAZIER. Graining, Whitewashing and Paper Hanging done in the best style and on short notice. Orders solicited.  
East Albany, Vt.

**L. R. WOOD, JR.**  
PAINTER. Particular attention paid to Pa- per Hanging, lettering, banners, mottoes, Frises and General Ornamenting, Drawing, Drafting, and Designing. Orders solicited.  
Barton, Vermont.

**J. J. HILL.**  
SUCCESSOR TO J. F. CHENEY, will continue to sell a Large Variety of Sewing and Knitting Ma- chines. Orders solicited. Barton, Vt.

**CUTLER & GOSN.**  
MANUFACTURERS OF Carriages and Sleighs.  
Greenboro, Vt.

**MISS A. J. CUTLER.**  
DRESSMAKING and pattern room.  
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**E. G. STEVENS.**  
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PROPRIETOR of the Orleans County Marble Works.  
Foreign and American Marble, Gravestones, monuments, &c.  
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**J. N. WEBSTER.**  
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT.  
Barton, Vermont.

**J. N. WEBSTER.**  
PHOTOGRAPHER. Dealer in Stereoscopes, Views, and all photographic supplies.  
Barton, Vt.

**FRED. H. MOISE.**  
PAINTER, Graining, Whitewashing, and Paper Hanging. All work done in the best style and satisfaction guaranteed. Sawdust Road.

**DALE & ROBINSON.**  
ATTORNEYS and Counselors at Law, Barton, Vt.  
J. B. ROBINSON

**J. L. WOODMAN.**  
DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, and Findings of the best kind and quality. Offered cheap for cash. Over A. J. L. Twombly's.

**MRS. GEO. C. DAVIS.**  
DRESSMAKING.  
Barton, Vermont.

**A. J. L. TWOMBLY.**  
HOLDSALE and retail dealer in Flour, Corn, Potatoes, and all kinds of Groceries, Butter and Cheese. Also in L. Bradley's L. L. L. Phosphate and Sea Food. Also in L. Bradley's L. L. L. Phosphate and Sea Food.

**A. C. ROBINSON.**  
HOLDSALE and retail dealer in Flour, Grain, W. I. Goods, Groceries, Lard, Butter, Oil, Fish, Salt, Iron, Nails, Glass, &c., Depot Store, Barton, Vt.

**WM. W. GROUT.**  
ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law and Claim Agent. Will attend the courts in Orleans and Caldonia counties. Prompt attention given to collections and remittances.

**W. W. KATON.**  
ATTORNEY at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Will attend the courts in Orleans and Caldonia counties. Prompt attention given to collections and remittances.

**J. M. CURRIAN.**  
BARBER and Hair Dresser.  
Barton, Vermont.

**MARTIN ABBOTT.**  
WHEELWRIGHT, Carriage Maker and General Repairer. Carriages and Harnesses made and repaired. Also styles of carriages after hand. Glover Vt.

**J. E. DWINE.**  
MANUFACTURER and dealer in Furniture of all kinds and descriptions. Carpets, Room Furnishings and Bedsteads. Coffins and Caskets. Picture frames, Spring Beds, &c.  
Glover Vt.

**J. H. HOLTON & CO.**  
Manufacturers and Dealers, in all kinds of Harnesses, Saddles, Collars, and Trappings. Carriage and Vacuum Oil Blacking, for sale. Barton, Vt. 7-33

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**  
INTERESTING TO LADIES.  
A. Woodman, Barton, Vermont, has just opened an entirely new and elegant assortment of SEASONABLE MILLINERY GOODS and notions—every style of hats, bonnets, trimmed and untrimmed, in Straw, Silk and Lace, for Ladies, Misses and Children.

**EVERY NEW STYLE FROM THE MOST ELABORATE**  
of the simple Shade Hat. All the new shapes beautifully and artistically trimmed with new ribbons, in Turquoise Silk and Ribbon, together with Feathers.

**Algerette, Flowers, Poppies, Sprays, &c.**  
Also Hosiery, Gloves, Lace Collars, Fans, Fancy Goods, &c.  
NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY RECEIVED.  
Barton, May 20, 1872. 29-3f

**NEW GOODS!**  
The subscriber has just opened a fresh lot of MILLINERY AND Fancy Goods, including all the latest styles from New York and Boston, such as: Neapolitan, Straw, Chip, Cactus, Bonnets and Hats, Ribbons, Trimmings, Flowers, Ribbons, Laces, Edgings, Collars, and a variety of Fancy Goods, Silks, and Ribbons.

**DRESS MAKING**  
done at our rooms by EXPERIENCED WORKMEN.  
Have made arrangements to receive goods from New York and Boston.

**EVERY WEEK**  
can give our customers THE LATEST STYLES

**LOWEST MARKET PRICES.**  
Thinking the public for their past favors, I hope to receive my share of your future patronage.

Barton, Vt., May 6th, 1872. MRS. N. M. JEWELL.

**CONN. & CHAS. RIVERS R. R.**  
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, JUNE 10, NIGHT EXPRESS

Going South, with Sleeping Car, will leave  
Shelburne, at 7:05 p.m. West Burke, 9:40 p.m.  
North Haver, 7:50 " Lyndonville, 10:10 "  
Ayer's Falls, 8:02 " St. Johnsbury, 10:20 "  
Barnet, 8:23 " Barre, 10:32 "  
Lyndonville, 8:29 " Wells River, 11:17 "  
Newport, 8:45 " Brattleboro, 11:45 "  
Barton Landing, 9:06 " Arrive, Boston, 8:30 a.m.  
Barton, 9:18 " New York, 12:30 p.m.

Returning,  
Night Express leaves Boston, with Sleeping Car at 6:00 p.m. New York, 3:00 p.m.; White River Junction, 1 a.m.  
Arrive at  
Barton, 2:00 a.m. New York, 12:30 p.m.  
Barnet, 2:20 " Lyndonville, 10:10 "  
Ayer's Falls, 2:30 " St. Johnsbury, 10:20 "  
Barnet, 2:45 " Barre, 10:32 "  
Lyndonville, 2:55 " Wells River, 11:17 "  
Newport, 3:15 " Brattleboro, 11:45 "  
Barton Landing, 3:36 " Arrive, Boston, 8:30 a.m.  
Barton, 3:48 " New York, 12:30 p.m.

Prior for berths in Sleeping car from any Station on Passenger R. R. to Boston \$2.00—Seats in day or night car (when not wanted for berths) about 15 cent per mile—No charge less than 25 cents.

Boston Agency 27 Washington St.  
L. W. PALMER, Superintendent.

## THE GHOST.

"Tis about twenty years since Abel Law, a short, round-faced, merry old soldier of the Revolutionary War, was wadded to a most amiable shrew. The temper, of, of Shakespeare's Catherine could no more be compared with hers. Than mine."

Her eyes were like a weaver's; she had a harsh face, like a cranberry marsh. All spent. With spots of white and red; Hair of the color of a whisp of straw. And a disposition like a cross-cut saw. The appearance of this lovely dame was swamy; don't forget the name.

Her brother David was a tall, good-looking chap, and that was all; One of your great, big nobles, as we say here in Rhode Island, picking up old jokes and cracking them on other folks. He knew. Would be returning from a journey through a grove of forest wood. That stood below. The house some distance, half a mile, or so.

With a long taper Candlestick of paper. Just made to cover. And a small, round, and a sheet. With both ends made to meet. Across his breast. The way in which ghosts are always dressed).

His station near. Huge oak tree. Whence he could overlook. The road and see. Whatever might appear.

It happened that about an hour before, friend Abel had left the table. Of an inn, where he had made a halt. With horse and wagon. To take a fagon Of mail. Liquor and so forth, which, being done, He went on his way. Carrying no more for twenty ghosts. Than if they were so many pots. David was nearly tired of waiting; His patience was abating. At length, he heard the careless tones Of his kinsman's voice. And then a noise. Of wheels among the stones. Abel was quite elated, and was roaring With all his might, and pouring Out, in great confusion, Scrap of old songs made in "the Revolution."

His head was full of Bunker Hill and Trenton; And joyfully he went. Seizing the whoop-wills among the trees With rhythmic lines like these:—"See the Yankees Leave this hill. With their laggardnets declining. With hyppod-donkeys. And rusty gears. And leather aprons shining. See the Yankees! Why, what is that?" Said Abel, staring like a cat. And, slowly, on the fearful figure strode Into the middle of the road.

"My conscience! what a sort of clothes! Some crumpled, I suppose. Hallo! friend, what's your name? by the powers of gin. That a strange dress to travel in. If the fellow, Abel, for I now have come To read your doom: Then hearken, while your fate I now declare. I am a spirit—I suppose you are; But you'll not hurt me, and I'll tell you why: Here is the fact which you can see with glory—All spirits must be either good Or wicked—that's understood. And be you good or evil, I'm sure That I'm secure. If a good spirit, I'm safe. If evil—And I don't know but you may be the Devil—In this case, you'll recollect, I fancy That I am married to your sister Nancy!"

## MISCELLANEOUS.

When Victoria was 53 on the 24th of May. Macon, Georgia has a steam ice factory. Iceland has been "shook up" by a yarthquake. Brandy is now to be made out of tar-pine saw-dust. Why was Noah never hungry? Because he had Ham with him. A Paris (Ky.) darkey has been converted to "Horror's" Greeley. The Frussians are making church bells from captured French cannon. A savagous Louisiana bit of his antagonist's nose and swallowed it. Libbie Garbrandt, the infant murderer, is to wear a hemp necktie, July 19, at Patterson, New Jersey. Come where my love lies dreaming—see how she looks without any paint on her face. Mulberries poisoned by locusts are as good to put in your mother-in-law's tea as potato-bug juice. A merchant in Florida has a hen that lays eggs covered all over with patent medicine advertisements. A Scraton (Ala.) Tenton is champion lager-beerist. He poured 188 glasses of hop-juice into himself in twenty-four hours. A little brat swallowed a silver bull's eye watch in Detroit last week. It squalls on time now, with symptoms of the douloureux. Benner's colt Sturtle crept over the ground at Prospect Park on the 11th of last month, in the snail gait of 2:19 3/4 for his second mile. An exchange has discovered that Horace Greeley has but one brother-in-law, and no father, and that all his nephews are nieces. A famous Albany (N. Y.) rag-picker who has gone to be an angel, forgot to take away with her \$4000 in greenbacks and gold, left under her bed. A Baltimore wife was ruthlessly murdered by her brute husband, and the latter arrested in the act of changing his blood-bespattered clothing. The famine in Persia, which has decimated the entire population, is on the decline. Cannibalism has ceased, and the living no longer feast upon the dead. The jail of Calhoun county, Florida, has not had a tenant for four years, and is now being used as a corn-crib. Verily the millennium is setting in amid the orange groves. The most beautiful woman in the world is said to be a Spanish lady of New York city. We'll bet a peck of our wisdom-teeth, we know a dozen, who could see her and go one better. An exchange says the search for Dr. Livingstone in the "devil's bushes" of equatorial Africa, still attracts wide-world attention. He cannot be found, but is still believed to be living. He must be mighty fond of niggers, monkeys and crocodiles, to be everlastingly losing himself in search of them. A western traveler came to a log cabin and asked for a drink, which was supplied by a good-looking young woman. As she was the first woman he had seen in several days, he offered her a dime for a kiss. It was duly taken and paid for, and the young hostess, who had never seen a dime before, looked at it a moment with some curiosity, then asked what she should do with it. He replied, "what she chose, as it was hers." "If that's the case," she said, "you may take it back and give me another kiss."

## Only a Trifling Mistake.

"Well, little lady, are you prepared for a rainy day?" "Yes, indeed. We cannot order holiday weather, unfortunately, especially in February. I brought knitting and sewing, so I shall manage very well till you return." "I won't be home before six o'clock, but you will go to dinner with Mrs. Clark." "I will wait for you, and dine late." "Very well. Adieu, then." An affectionate kiss, and Mr. Smith left his little daughter to a rainy day in a New York hotel, while he went out upon business. There was nothing very romantic or uncommon in the situation. Papa had come from Utica upon business for a week in New York, and papa's only daughter had begged for a holiday and come also. This was the first rainy day, so Mary Smith opened her trunk and fished up from a box of clothing a most dainty little work-box. A few minutes were given to a crochet collar, and then— "There! I'll write to mamma! She won't expect a letter, but it is just the day to write one. I'll tell her about our meeting Meta Clark on the train, and how nice it is to have a lady friend here, and I can ask her about my new silk, too. I'll write." A pen, ink and paper being produced by a waiter, the young lady went to work. "Let me see, what day of the month is it? The fourteenth. Why it is St. Valentine's Day! I wonder if any Valentines came for me!" Two minutes more of writing, and then a short, sharp rap on the door interrupted the letter. "Miss Mary Smith?" he inquired, showing that address in a bold masculine hand on his letter. "Yes." "Letter for you," and off he went to deliver the remainder of a postman's package. "Now who is that from?" speculated the young lady. "It's not John's hand, nor Harry's. It is stiff, too; feels like a card; and sealed? Who can seal a letter now-a-days? Two doves kissing. Oh, it is a Valentine! Can it be for me? 'Miss Mary Smith, Metropolitan Hotel, New York.' That's all right. I'll open it." Not a letter, not a fanciful picture, or a copy of sentimental verses; only a photograph. A photograph of a gentleman, young, good looking, with a mass of curling hair, pleasant eyes, and good features. Under the portrait, one line of penciled writing: "Can you guess who I am?" Miss Mary Smith gazed and wondered. Mentally she passed every masculine face she remembered in review, from her cousin Adolph's down to the milkman's, but the one before her did not answer the call of memory. "Can you guess who I am?" she read, after vainly endeavoring to identify the features. "No, Mr. Impudence, I can't, but I'll find you out sometime and pay you for your fancy Valentine. I believe I won't write home, after all, but finish my collar. Oh, it is going to clear up!" I'll go and see if Meta Clark will go to walk if the sun comes out, and then we can decide upon the silk. Stewart has just the one I want!" Meta Clark and the sunshine both being propitious, the bright little brunette was soon equipped, and the shopping undertaken. "You know papa has given me carte blanche for a new evening silk to figure at brother John's wedding." "Are you bridesmaid?" "No, indeed! 'Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride,' and I was bridesmaid for Henry's wife and for cousin Hattie, so this time I declined with thanks." "You superstitious little goose. I was bridesmaid six times before I figured as bride." "I won't peril my chances in that way," was the gay rejoinder. "Why, there he is!" "Who? Don't stare at that young man in that way, May. Who is he?" "I don't know. It certainly is him!" was the odd answer. "I don't believe he knew me." "He did not look as if he did. What possessed you to stare so? There, he has vanished. Who is he, May?" "I don't know. I certainly never saw him before in all my life," was the emphatic reply, but mentally Miss Mary added, "That is certainly the original of my Valentine. He didn't know me I am certain. What did he send me his picture for?" Evening silks, and the relative value of corn color, orange and pink for brunettes complexion and hair, soon drove the Valentine from May's mind, and the recollection of May's odd conduct from that of her friend. "You are coming home for the wedding, Meta?" said May, after the important choice was made. "I am going home on Wednesday. I

only came to keep Charley company.—He hates coming to New York alone, and declares he won't do it now he has a wife." "Oh, you turtle doves," laughed May. "Wait till next year." "I'm sure we've been married nearly a year now," was the half pouting reply. "By the way, I'll delicately suggest to Charlie that I want a new dress for the wedding. John, you know, disappointed me awfully. I was sure he was my devoted slave, when I was thunder-struck to hear he was engaged to Louise." "How long were you engaged?" "You horrid girl, I was not engaged until a month after. What was I to do? Deserted by John, I accepted Charlie." "I'll tell him so." "You wretched little mischief-maker. I have told him so forty times already." "And he believes it?" "Certainly. So if I faint at the wedding, he is quite prepared to catch me. By the way, May, when are you going to have a wedding?" "Never! Henry married, John soon to be so; I shall stay at home to comfort papa for his sons' desertion." "Nonsense! Henry lives at home, and John won't be far off." "Daughters-in-law are not daughters," said May, decidedly. Papa relies upon me." "Of course he does. Poor papa!" "Where are you going next summer, or don't you form plans so far ahead?" "O May, how odd you should ask. We are going to a new place. I have a friend here, Mrs. Williams, who went last summer to a delightful place, a farm in Western New York. She is forming a party already for next year, her idea being to secure all the rooms for her own friends, and so guard against unpleasant strangers. Won't you go? Charlie has given me permission to engage a room for two months, while he goes to Chicago." "Does he go there every summer?" "Yes. Come May, join us." "If papa is willing." It was no difficult task to win papa's consent to any scheme for his little daughter's pleasure, so summer found May one of a gay party assembled at C— for two months of country life. There were numerous introductions, and amongst others, a tall, stately blonde was brought to the little brunette and introduced. "Miss Mary Smith, Miss Mary Smith. We shall have to call you Albany and Utica," said Meta Clark, as she made the introduction. By the way, May, you were nearly introduced last winter. Mrs. Williams says Miss Mary had just vacated your room at the Metropolitan when you took it. Have you a pet name for convenience sake, Miss Mary? We call this fire-fly May." "Then Mary will do for me," was the reply. "I have no pet name." "When is Mr. Sanderson coming?" asked Mrs. Williams. "To-morrow week, probably." It was a merry party. Such as were not old friends speedily became good ones, and the two Marys were inseparable. I hope you will like Carroll Sanderson," said Mary to May the evening before that gentleman's arrival. "I mean to make him give you all the time I can spare him myself." It was evening when the gentleman arrived, and the party were on the porch in the summer evening's half light. It was soon evident that the new comer was a valuable addition to the circle. Jest and merriment received a new impetus from his lively conversation, and he made friends with fire-fly May at once, the two tossing repartee and gay sallies one to the other, till all were amused to listen to the playful warfare. "You will have your namesake jealous, May," said Meta as they at last broke up to retire. "I want to see if he is as handsome as he is pleasant," said May. "It is fortunate that he is appreciated, for my heart will be safe." "May, look! There he is under the hall lamp! I've seen him before, somewhere. Why, May, he is the very gentleman you stared at in the street last winter in New York." "You must have stared too, or you would not have recognized him." "Certainly I did. I wanted to see what sort of an orang outang you were looking out of countenance." How the summer days speeded on, I have no space to tell you. May was intensely happy for the first four weeks, and then—then May began to ask herself what made the summer days so short and pleasant, and her heart answered, Carroll Sanderson. Believing him engaged to her namesake and friend, her loyal little heart was appalled to find she was growing to love his bright face, pleasant voice and lively manner. His position in society was defined by his admission to Mrs. Williams' select circles. He was in business in New York and he certainly admired her. As she drew back, he became more earnest and pressing in his attentions, till the poor child almost resolved to run away to get rid of him. It was while affairs were in this position that a discussion on the

subject of photographs one evening called forth a remark from Mr. Sanderson: "I like vignette style best of all. I had some really good likenesses taken in that style last winter. Didn't you think so, Mary?" "Did I see them?" "Now, don't tell me that you never looked at the one I sent you at the Metropolitan." "It is the first I ever knew of it." "Then it is there still. I wonder which of the chambermaids is passing my phiz off for a portrait of her darling Mike!" "Not one," said May. "I got the picture by mistake and would have restored it before, but I left it at home." "May!" "She had gone alone to the corner of the porch away from the others, and started at the voice. "May, will you keep that picture?" "It belongs to Miss Smith." "But I would rather it would belong to you." "But her claim—" "Pshaw! I will give her a dozen if she wants them, but I want you to keep that one." "Mr. Sanderson, you know I cannot. Mary may not like the portrait of her fiance in my album." "Her what! Is it possible you do not know that Mary is my half-sister?" So that trifling mistake rectified, "papa" had to allow another visit to New York for May's trousseau. A MENAGERIE LOOSE. As Barnum's show was leaving Erie, Pa., a week ago Saturday morning en route for Corry, one of the trains drawn by two engines was thrown from the track, and both locomotives and several cars were precipitated down the bank, while the latter were completely wrecked and the entire train and its contents received a lively shaking up. The lions roared, the monkeys chattered, parrots screamed, the great rhinoceros snorted and howled, while the less ferocious animals, like the giraffe and eland, shrunk trembling into corners, refusing to recognize the caresses of their keepers. As the accident happened about two o'clock in the morning, and the night was cloudy and dark, the confusion that reigned must be imagined for it cannot be described. It was speedily discovered that a cage containing two Asiatic lions was among the wreck, and the terrified performers were not long in learning that these two monarchs of the jungle were loose and unharmed. This fact added to the terror of the scene, and a stampede for safety immediately ensued.—Prof. Chas. White, the celebrated lion-tamer, alone remained undismayed and immediately began perfecting arrangements to secure his pets, a feat, as may be supposed, not easily accomplished. Providing himself with an ordinary rawhide, Prof. White advanced toward the two unloosed brutes who stood glancing fearfully about them, but he had not approached very near to them when he was greeted with a terrific roar from the male, which broke the still of the night in an awful and startling manner. "It meant business," and as the great beast stood erect lashing his tawny sides with his tail, it was evident that for a time at least, he was monarch of all he surveyed. The little "kitten" or baby lion partook of the general excitement, and meowed piteously. At times the lioness would seize it in her mouth and look ferociously about, as if upon the point of leaping into the darkness in search of a safe retreat, and for a time things looked squalid. The lion-tamer, however, was at work, and procuring a stout rope he succeeded in throwing it over the head of the male lion, and in a few moments he was securely fastened to a tree. The female, however, with the perseverance peculiar to her sex, and perhaps infuriated by the recent loss of two of her kittens, was not so tractable, and showed fight, but Prof. White's determined manner soon brought her to terms, and slipping the younger one and drawing it into an empty cage, the mother was induced to follow, and thus were both the ferocious beasts secured, and all immediate danger from them was over. The other animals were captured with-out much trouble, and at about 10 o'clock, the show arrived at Corry, where an immense crowd of people were patiently waiting their coming. It is at once singular and fortunate that no one was seriously injured, nor were any very valuable animals hurt. Four cars, with their contents, were wrecked, and many animals let loose, but it is believed that the lions being the only dangerous ones that were let loose. The accident was caused by a switch being out of place, and both the switchman and engineer are blamed. It is probable that whoever is to blame the railroad company will have a round bill of damages to pay. Don't eat too much rhubarb before going to bed, if you do, your sleep may be disturbed. Peter Mooney was born in London in 1812. Peter Mooney was a horse jockey.

## AN UNGRATEFUL RAILROAD.

Jones had heard about a widow who saved a train of cars from destruction by warning the engineer, as the train approached, that a certain bridge had been washed away; and who had been liberally rewarded, receiving a free pass for life on nearly all the railroads in the country, and a present of ten thousand dollars from the company whose train she had saved; so Jones thought it pretty profitable business, and concluded he'd try it. He lived near a railroad bridge, and he anxiously watched and waited for it to wash away, feeling sure that it must go some time. Every rainy night he got up and paced the floor by spells, then took his umbrella and went out to see if the bridge was beginning to go; but it was no go. At last he concluded that if an accident would not happen of its own accord, he would make one to order; so he got up on a high bank at the side of the track, one afternoon, and rolled a big rock down upon the rails. It was just a few minutes before the lightning express was due, and, throwing off his coat and hat, so as to appear as excited as possible, he went forth to meet it. He saw it coming in the distance, so he tied a red cotton handkerchief to a hoe handle, and waved it above his head in a wild excited manner, as a signal of danger. But he presented such a singular appearance that the engineer thought him a crazy man, escaped from a neighboring lunatic asylum, and so paid no heed to him, and the train thundered on. There was a sudden whistle of "down brakes," a rapid reversing of the engine, then a terrific crash. The train was wrecked; the engineer and fireman were instantly killed; the conductor and all the brakemen dangerously, if not fatally wounded; and about ten per cent. of the passengers horribly mangled. Jones didn't get a pass for life on the principal railroads of the country and a purse of \$10,000, but he got ten years in the penitentiary for manslaughter, having been seen by a neighbor when in the act of rolling the big rock on the track which caused the calamity. And now he is learning to manufacture shoes by the original process, and is of the opinion that railroads are a curse to the country. SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—During the 2d, 3d, and 4th of July, Congress was engaged in reviewing the Declaration. Thursday, the 4th was a hot day; the session lasted many hours; members were tired and impatient. Every one who has watched the sessions of a deliberative body knows how the most important measures are retarded, accelerated, even defeated, by physical causes of the most trifling nature. Mr. Kinglake intimates that Lord Raglan's invasion of the Crimea was due rather to the after-dinner slumbers of the British cabinet, than to any well-considered purpose. Mr. Jefferson used to relate, with much merriment, that the final signing of the Declaration of Independence was hastened by an absurdly trivial cause. Near the hall in which the debates were then held was a lively stable, from which swarms of flies came into the open windows and assailed the silk-stockinged legs of honorable members. Hankerchiefs in hand, they lashed the flies with such vigor as they could command on a July afternoon; but the annoyance became at length so extreme as to render them impatient of delay, and they made haste to bring the momentous business to a conclusion. After such a long and severe strain upon their minds, members seem to have indulged in many a jocular observation as they stood around the table. Tradition has it that when John Hancock had affixed his magnificent signature to the paper, he said, "There, John Bull may read my name without spectacles!" Tradition, also, will never relinquish the pleasure of repeating that, when Mr. Hancock reminded members of the necessity of hanging together, Dr. Franklin was ready with his, "Yes, indeed, we must all hang together, or else, assuredly, we shall all hang separately." And this may have suggested to the portly Harrison—a "luxurious heavy gentleman," as John Adams describes him—his remark to slender Elbridge Gerry, that, when the hanging came, he should have the advantage: for poor Gerry would be kicking in the air long after it was all over with himself. French Critics censure Shakespeare for mingling buffoonery with the scenes of the deepest tragic interest. But here we find one of the most important assemblies ever convened, at the supreme moment of its existence, while performing the act of giving it its rank among the deliberate bodies, cracking jokes, and hurrying up to the table to sign, in order to get away from the flies. It is precisely so that Shakespeare would have imagined the scene.—[James Parton in June Atlantic Monthly.

LADY VISITORS WORRYING THE BIG LIONS.—Despite the severe and annoying rain storm of yesterday, about two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen called for curiosity merely on the Sioux. It must be said that these wild men of the plains are more gifted with politeness and good breeding than the people who call to see the red men. It is not pleasant to be stared at by twenty score of people even if a man has Sioux blood boiling in his veins. There is considerable feeling manifested against Red Dog, who was the author of the terrible Fort Fetterman massacre, and the ladies especially give this worthy a wide berth. Red Cloud, who is really a man of considerable brains and of great influence among his people, was soon wearied of being gazed at by the constantly increasing stream of visitors, so much so, that he told Dr. Daniels, late in the afternoon, that he was willing to be looked at by the lady visitors, bless their hearts, but that if there were no more of them coming he would go and take his sleep. It is worthy of mention that none of the Ogallalas ever snore, this part of their education having been grievously neglected. These Ogallalas are, without doubt, the cleanest band of Indians that have ever visited this city. The splendid store clothes and necessaries bought for them by Uncle Sam rendered them absolutely beautiful. Mrs. Lone Wolf, it is said has engaged a dressmaker to procure for her a full Dolly Varden costume, and, no doubt, when she gets the dress, she will make Miss Spotted-Tail, who has been detained by a sore throat, die of envy. AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.—A curious story was current in West End circles some years ago. The Duke of Wellington received a note which he believed emanated from the Bishop of London, requesting permission "to sketch the Waterloo breeches." The Duke, though both alarmed and surprised, immediately ordered the "small clothes" to be forwarded to St. James square, with the following characteristic epistle:—"F. M., the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Bishop of London, and is not aware that the breeches he wore on the occasion of the battle of Waterloo differ materially from many other pairs in his Grace's possession, but they are very much at the Bishop's service and he can make any use of them he thinks proper." The Bishop's consternation on receipt of the above, with its accompanying parcel, had the effect of inducing him immediately to order his carriage and drive to the Prime Minister with this sad proof of the wreck of his Grace's mental powers, whilst the "Duke" on the other hand, mounted his horse and rode to the residence of the Lord Chancellor with a similar announcement in respect to the Bishop, producing the note he had that morning received. On a closer examination it was discovered that the writer was not the Bishop of London, but "Miss London," daughter of the great landscape gardener, and herself an artist of some celebrity, asking his Grace's permission to sketch not the "Waterloo breeches," but a clump of trees at Strathfield House, known as the "Waterloo beeches." The Duke had mistaken "London" for "London," the Bishop's usual signature, the initials being, singularly enough, the same in both cases.—*Miner's Journal.* PROUD OF HIS MOTHER.—It was a cold night in winter. The wind blew, and the snow was whirled furiously about, seeking to hide itself beneath the cloaks and hoods—in the very air of those who were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak; and, notwithstanding the storm, the villagers very generally, ventured forth to hear him. William Annesley, buttoned up to his chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the fallen snow against the piercing wind; William said to his mother:—"Couldn't you walk easier if you took my arm?" "Perhaps I could," his mother replied, as she put her arm through his, and drew up as close as possible to him. Together they breasted the storm, the mother and the boy who had once been carried in her arms, but who had now grown up so tall that she could lean on his. They had not walked very far before he said:—"I am proud to-night, mother." "Proud that you can take care of me?" she said to him with a heart glowing with tenderness. "This is the first time you have leaned upon me," said the happy boy. There will be few hours in William's life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening, even if he should live to old age, and should in his manhood lovingly provide for her, who in his helpless infancy watched over him. Some one has said very beautifully that harsh words are like hail stones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants which they batter down. Envy, if surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion confined within a circle of fire, will sting itself to death.

A SCARE IN A CIRCUS.—On Tuesday evening while O'Brien's circus was giving an exhibition at this place, an exciting scene occurred. The bare-back rider, owing to the fact that his horse had become very wet, by the rain, had much trouble to maintain his position, and finally fell off. The horse attempted to run out of the ring, but being headed off at the entrance, he bounded over the ropes. His rider ran after and caught him by the mane, and struck him a violent blow with his whip. The horse pulled away from him and ran around by the seats, when he was headed off and becoming frightened by the shouts of the people he sprang up on the seats, into the midst of the women and children. Those of the crowd who could get away rushed toward the entrance of the tent, and the screams of the women were fearful to hear. Meanwhile the horse was pawing and kicking in his endeavors to get further upon the seats, in the midst of a number of ladies and children, who were unable to get away. Fortunately, after the horse got up as far as the fourth seat he fell in between the boards so that he could not strike with his feet, and the people were taken away from him. Several children were slightly injured, and one lady, Mrs. Griffith, was quite seriously hurt by being struck in the back by the horse while attempting to get away. The horse was finally secured, the people quieted, and the performance went on. Mrs. Griffith settled her damages with the circus company for ten dollars.—*New York Press.* NEWSPAPER MEN UP IN A BALLOON.—The immense balloon which has been building for five months at Chelsea, to be used at the next Fourth of July celebration at Boston, has been entirely destroyed by spontaneous combustion. The Boston Times says: Mr. King, the owner, intended to have invited about a dozen newspaper men to accompany him into the upper regions, and there is consequently some disappointment among the quill drivers on account of the news from Chelsea. A couple of press men met, and this colloquy ensued: "Too bad about the balloon, isn't it?" said the younger to his elder and more practical brother. "Yes, rather severe." "But it's better to burn on the ground than up in the air with a dozen reporters in it," said the first speaker. "Yes, may be it is—but, after a pause, 'it don't make half so good an item!' The youthful scribe was too horrified at this cool reply. The tough old monster pondered a moment, and then, after a long breath, ejaculated: "If she'd busted up above, what a rush there would have been for vacant situations down among the newspaper offices!" A more practical view of things above or below was never taken. HOW A PRINTER GOT HIS PAY.—A circus company in Iowa owed an editor a bill for advertising and refused to pay it. Thereupon the editor called upon the sheriff, who attached the Bengal tiger and brought him around to the newspaper office in his cage. He was placed in the composing room, and during the first two days he not only consumed fifteen dollars worth of beef, but he scratched six dollars' worth of clothes from a local reporter who endeavored to stir him up to make him roar. On the third day the tiger broke loose, and the entire force of the compositors descended the stair case with judicious suddenness. The editor was alarmed to find his exit through the composing room cut off, and that the latch upon the sanctum door was broken. So he climbed out the window and sought safety upon the roof. The paper was not issued for a week, and even after the tiger was shot the editor had to slide down the water spout because he was afraid to descend by the route by which he came. None of the editors, of course, who have copied the following could have had any suspicion of the mild tinge of profanity with which it would, at first sight, seem to be imbued: "They have a man in Lock Haven named Gaudam. His would be a nice name for a church deacon. For instance, the preacher would say, 'Gaudam you pass the plate.' It sounds like 'cussin,' don't it? If we were that fellow we'd have our Gaudam name immediately changed to something more reverential."